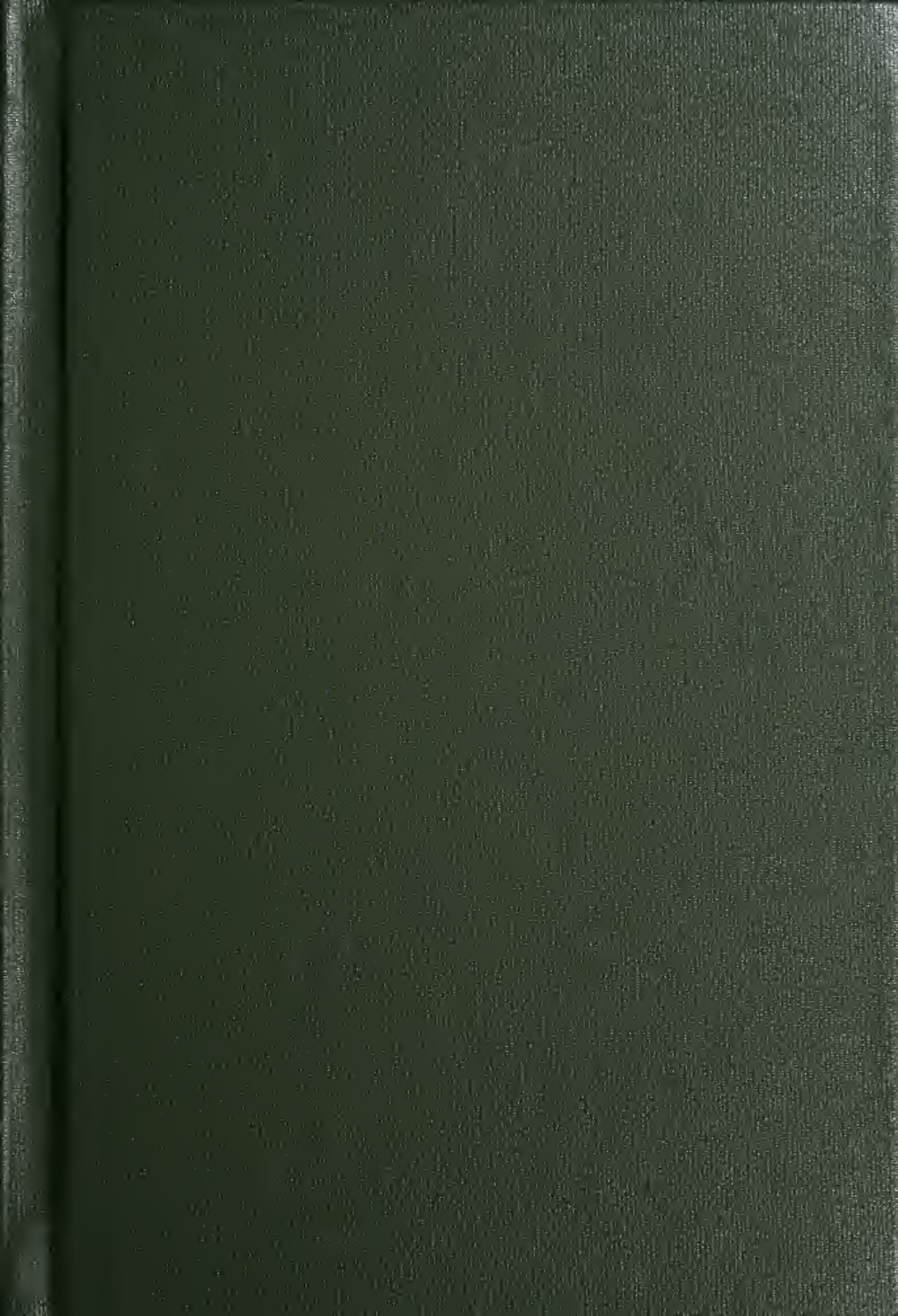






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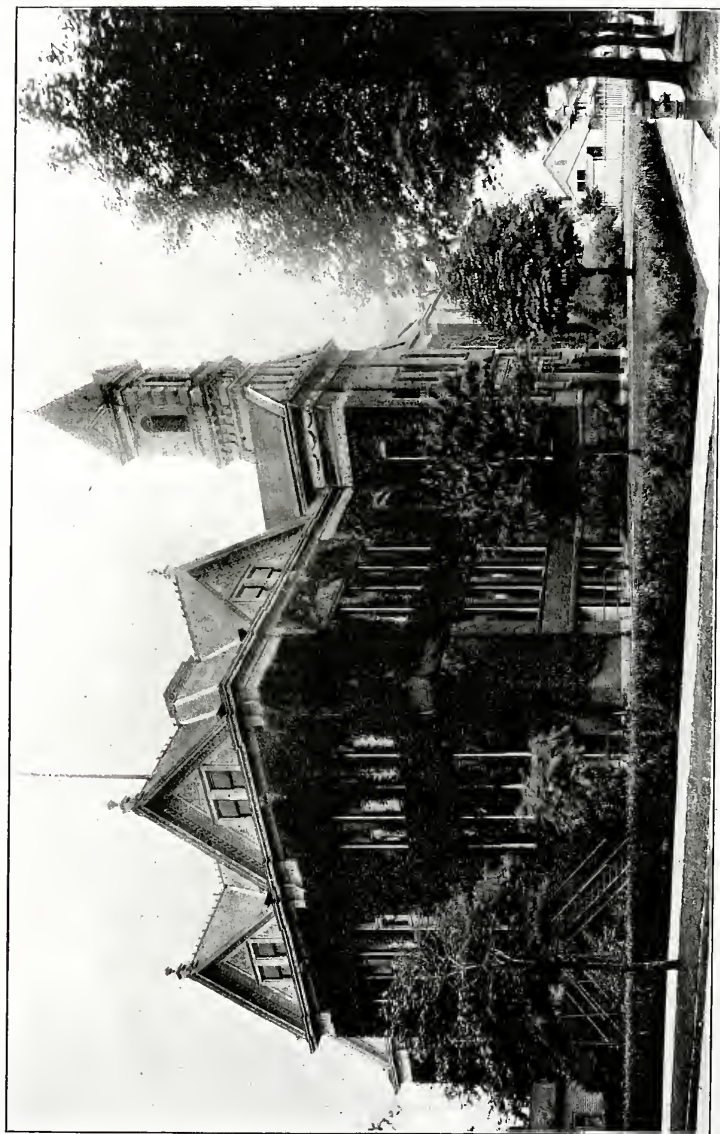
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FULTON



Published by the Eighth Grades
of Fulton School

1922



FULTON SCHOOL — Fulton Street and Delaware Avenue



To Fulton

We, the Fulton graduates of 1922, rejoice in this opportunity to express our loyalty to the school which has brought us to the first mile-stone on our way toward knowledge. On the next lap of our journey of education, we shall make greater strides because of the firm foundation we built in these eight happy years.

In the future, who knows to what heights of fame some of us might attain?

But no matter what our position in life, we shall strive to be worthy of the institution which gave us our first opportunities. And in the years to come, when this little book shall awaken memories of our school days, we shall think, with pride, of

Fulton—The school of progress.

Fulton—The school of high standards.

But most of all,

Fulton—The dear old school of our happy childhood.

—Margaret Stark.

FULTON



MR. CHARLES S. MEEK
Superintendent of Schools



Faculty

NETTIE E. MARKER, Principal.

LAURA KEPLINGER, Special Helping Teacher.

Lucile Chase—Kindergarten Teacher

Genevieve Gassaway—Kindergarten Assistant

Mamie Huston, 1st	Eva Luke, 3rd	Nellie D. Huber, 6th
Esther Sick, 1st	Loretta Brown, 4th	Rose Yeslin, 6th
Sarah F. Steinem, 1st	Ruth Shively, 4th	Helen O. Perkins, 7th
Gertrude O'Brien, 2nd.	Margaret Simpson, 4th	Florence Doust, 7th
Lalla Miller, 2nd	Alice Weyburne, 5th	Anne Bramwell, 7th
La Vergne Martin, 2nd	Gladys Glass, 5th	Hazel Oechsler, 8th
Edith Hiser, 3rd	Anne Beeley, 5th	Olienna Benster, 8th
Lydia Bauroth, 3rd	Mildred McWilliams, 6th	Marjorie Dean, 8th
	Doris M. Cullum, 8th	
Elizabeth Malone, Domestic Science	Lloyd E. Tryon, Shop Work	
Beth Voorheis—Sewing.	Gertrude Owen—Knifework.	

FULTON

Officers of School Government 1921 - 1922



LEE CULLER, Mayor

FRANKLIN QUALE, Vice Mayor

Lee Culler	Mayor
Franklin Quale	Vice-Mayor
Jane Moor	Secretary
Frederick Dohn	Sanitary Chief
Jean Forster	Reporter
William Chalmers	Safety Director

Councilmen

Marie Pingen
Gertrude Seligman
Florence McCoppin
May Louise Cooley
Barbara O'Neil
Carolus Sheffield
Jack Lasley
Charles Grant
Bernard Sattinger

Mary Ward
Nancy Newton
Virginia Eckhardt
Catherine Schwab
Mary Beth Leet
Robert McElheny
Franklin Clark
Frank Wagle
Howard Huntington



Fulton Song

Hail, all hail to Fulton,
The school that we revere;
Come lift our voices high,
And let them ring out clear.
In songs of loyal love,
And words of highest praise,
To our dear Fulton School,
Oh let our voices raise.

F—U—L—T—O—N;
The school of quality,
Your blue it stands for truth,
Your white for purity.
F—U—L—T—O—N,
The school of quality,
To you we plight our love,
And our fidelity.

Though our paths should wander
In many distant ways,
We'll keep in memory
The good old Fulton days;
We'll cherish all our lives
No matter what befalls,
The happy times we spent
Within its pleasant walls.

F—U—L—T—O—N;
The school of quality,
Your blue it stands for truth,
Your white for purity,
F—U—L—T—O—N,
The school of quality,
To you we plight our love,
And our fidelity.

Room 4. MISS OECHSLER'S CLASS



FULTON

MISS OECHSLER'S CLASS

This is the first "Opportunity Class" to graduate from Fulton School. Most of the pupils in it have done the eight years required elementary work in seven years.

PICTURE

Standing, reading from left to right: Miss Hazel Oechsler, Lillian Laycock, Mabel Kirkbride, Margaret Stark, Lillian Knorr, Mary Hartman, Elizabeth Dougherty, Virginia McCreery, Evelyn Rodd, Helene Cosgray, Maxine Cosgray, Miss Nettie Marker.

Second Row: Louise Koss, Jane Trost, Martha Tom, Rebecca Lane, Norman Levey, William Mellwain, Franklin Quale, Lawrence Hill, Murray Friedman.

Third row: Madelyn Levi, Betty Idoine, Nancy Morrison, Mildred Schwyn, Miriam Peters, Mason Holt, Walter Linsell, Franklin Clark, Joseph Friend.

History of Miss Oechsler's Class of 1922

Margaret Stark

Although it may not be generally known, a certain day in September, 1914, was most important in the history of Toledo! Why? Because on that day, those who were destined to become members of the "advanced rush" class, entered Fulton School. On that day, twenty-seven recruits enlisted as volunteers in the great army of education which is to fight the battles of life with brain instead of brawn, and prove that the "pen is mightier than the sword."

These recruits, of whom I was one, were placed on probation, under the training officer, Captain Lucile Chase. We soon learned to march and sing, to cut and paste, carrying home wonderful specimens of our work, which we showed, with pride, to all we met along the way and which, no doubt, our fond mothers still have preserved somewhere.

These were happy days, but my one regret is that someone didn't tell me then that I was to write the history of this class for I should have kept a careful record of all the interesting occurrences, instead of using my "memory to forget with."

At the end of this year of probation we were placed in the First Regiment of the regular school army, under a new captain and with her guidance, we learned two of the greatest lessons in life—to read and to write! Mother's "baby" was "growing up!"

During this year's training, we frequently saw our commander-in-chief, Miss Marker, of whom we stood in great awe, indeed! When we had finished this year we were transferred to the Second Regiment under another splendid captain. We began to learn discipline, we were taught to be punctual and not to be A. W. O. L. and as the work grew harder, we looked forward to our frequent "furloughs" with increasing pleasure.

It was at this time that I discovered why our commander-in-chief was

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called Miss "Marker"—because she marked the stars on our test papers,—but I secretly felt that Miss "Starrer" would have been a more appropriate name. After a year here we were advanced to the Third Regiment, and continued our interesting and instructive training under another fine captain. It was while in this Third Regiment that I recall the tricks of Maxine and Helene Cosgray, our "mascotte twins," who frequently changed seats and answered to each other's names to the bewilderment of the teacher, and the pleasure of the pupils.

The next year, when we reached the Fourth Regiment, we felt quite grown up and "soldierly." Serious things began to happen, such as "love affairs," mostly with whomever sat near you, or wore the prettiest clothes. One susceptible member of this class divided his attentions equally among the girls, giving each a share of his affections. When it came my turn, he showed his feelings by offering me pencils, candy or pennies, and by dropping them down the back of my neck, if I refused to accept them. His last offer was a book of Thrift Stamps, and when I "spurned" this, he turned his attentions to the next girl, and I have always wondered who finally did get that book of Thrift Stamps. Near the end of this year certain mothers received notices to appear before the commander-in-chief for council! They came with fear and trembling, wondering what crime their children had committed and whether they were to be "court-martialed" and shot at sunrise! But, oh! the "grand and glorious feelin," when these particular mothers learned that because of efficient performance of duty, their children's term of enlistment was to be shortened one year; in other words, the twenty-seven members of this present class were to form a "picked company" of their own and learn to work and think in "double quick" time. So, in September, 1919, under the efficient leadership of Captain Weyburne, our company assembled, being called the "Advanced Fifth."

Here we received our first uniforms, consisting of bathrobes with hoods, woolly shoes and wristlets, for we had to get used to the cold air which circulated through the "barracks" all the time. Also we were given "chow" in the shape of cocoa, if cocoa has any particular shape!

This year we started manual, made interesting Japanese books and wrote prize essays on "Roosevelt" and the "Advantages of Being in the Army." The year flew by and we were ready for the next regiment, the "Advanced Sixth," under Captain Yeslin. This, also, was a wonderful year, and we enjoyed our many dramatizations, and our nature study, followed by a fine bird play, in which we each impersonated in costume, "some little bird."

Each day we were becoming more versed in the "tactics of peaceable warfare" and soon we had our first real "skirmish" with the "enemy." It was called the "Battle of the Verbs," and we were greatly victorious! We fought many battles of this kind with different adversaries and always defeated them, until finally there came a day—but why recall ancient history? Why mention what brings blushes to the cheeks and tears to the eyes? Suffice to say, "We met the enemy and we were theirs!" However, our foe was most generous, and healed our wounded pride with gifts of "lolly pops" and other "sweeties."

And now, we come to the real history of this class. After six years of

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faithful service, we entered the last regiment, the "Advanced Seventh" with Captain Oechsler for our valiant leader!

Now it is a fact long suspected, that "all teachers have eyes in the back of their heads," but Captain Oechsler proved this, on the day when she was washing the blackboard, and it was all wet and shiny, and she told a boy behind her to "sit down and behave," without ever looking around at all, so of course she has eyes in the back of her head, and knowing this, we just had to behave every minute and I'm sure she will tell you we always did!

This year has been filled with pleasure, for though we had to travel faster to finish the work assigned to us, our teacher was always sympathetic and made the work interesting.

We have become more like a family than a class, in fact a stranger hearing some of our "squabbles" would be sure that we were a regular family! And our teacher has been more like a mother than a paid instructor. Didn't she take her own mirror from her closet, because we couldn't all get in there at once, and place it in the cloak-room so the whole class could "primp?" Those who didn't possess combs used rulers to smooth their hair. And didn't she put the "sense" in "censor" when we had our two class newspapers, the "Brite-lite" and "Y-Da-wake," so that we learned many interesting family secrets about each other in those "personal" columns? And couldn't she make the laziest of us sit up straight, not by using the ruler on us, but by just putting it down our backs?

Our time was not all spent in hard work, we enjoyed many dramatizations, and our Minstrel Show made quite a hit with the audience; "there was scarcely a thing they didn't hit us with." But the greatest social event was the Grand Military Ball, given by all the Eighth Regiments, of whom we were members. This is an annual event in honor of the Fulton soldiers who have advanced to a higher army in High School. At this ball, our company presented a highly classical drama, entitled, "Madame Princeton's Beauty Parlors," and our dramatic ability was so great that we had to dodge the theatrical managers for weeks, to keep from being forced to become Broadway stars, but we preferred to finish our term of enlistment.

In regard to the personal qualities of the class, I will say that they are, perhaps, rather "extreme" and very "particular," for instance—Betty Idoine and Lillian Knorr are extremely bright, and particularly lucky at never being caught out of order.

Helene and Maxine Cosgray are extremely alike and they particularly like the same young man.

William McIlwaine and Murray Friedman are extremely fond of discussing the Civil War, and particularly, when it won't bother the teacher, which is when she out of the room.

Walter Linsell and Lillian Laycock are extremely fond of their pretty dimples. Walter has three particularly good ones and Lillian has two good ones, and a particularly fine one she made herself by falling against the radiator.

Virginia McCreery is extremely stylish and particularly fond of going to the dentist's during school hours. How she must hate school, to prefer the dentist's!

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Norman Levey is extremely popular with the ladies and they are particularly popular with him. When he recites he looks at the ceiling and "thinks" (?) and when he is not reciting he looks at the girls and "winks."

Madeline Levi is extremely plump and round, but as she is also particularly sweet, we like to have her 'round, especially as she is the class "baby" in years.

Louise Koss is extremely angelic and particularly fond of history. She differs from the rest of us, because it makes her ill to miss a test and it makes the rest of us ill to take one.

Lawrence Hill is extremely fond of (?) cocoa, always asking for a second cup, and he particularly dislikes unnecessary exercise when it's hot weather—or cold weather—or any kind of weather!

Elizabeth Dougherty is extremely fond of trying to make us believe she is a "man-hater," but she is particularly embarrassed and blushes when we catch her "napping," for she always gets in about "40 winks" at some boy during the day.

Mary Hartman is extremely bright and healthy, and a particularly good candy maker, so young men with "sweet teeth," take notice.

Jane Trost is extremely neat and particularly fond of making the girls jealous by wearing a different dress nearly every day.

Mable Kirkbride is extremely fond of fudge, and that is what makes her so particularly sweet.

Nancy Morrison is extremely fond of talking aloud and not particularly afraid that Miss Oechsler will keep her promise and "tie her mouth shut."

Martha Tom is extremely clever at writing personal verses and stories and particularly fond of making funny faces and "monkey-shines."

Rebecca Lane has extremely blond curls, which makes her extremely popular with the boys, but she is particularly fond of whispering and sitting on her seat turned up, which doesn't make her particularly popular with the teacher.

Miriam Peters is extremely fond of doing fancy dancing and particularly anxious to finish school and become a movie star, as all the movie managers are begging her to.

Mildred Schwyn has extremely red cheeks, even for these "paint-up" days but they must be natural for they get particularly red when she recites.

Mason Holt is extremely fond of a particular sweater, and particularly fond of twisting the extreme end of it while reciting.

Franklyn Quale is extremely good-looking and particularly fond of the ladies, and his nice, shiny, smooth hair.

Franklin Clark is extremely pleased to get a "double A" whether he deserves it or not, for he particularly likes to show his sister he can.

Joseph Friend is extremely fond of making "spit-balls" and particularly anxious to finish the thousand Captain Oechsler ordered him to make. And last and least, myself—but I am so "extremely particular" that I don't want to tell you how particularly extreme I am.

So, with the history of the first advanced class of Fulton School. As the time draws near when we are to receive our "honorable discharge," I know we shall all regret leaving dear old Fulton, our commander-in-chief and our good

friend, Miss Marker, and our dear captains and we shall always remember, with pleasure, these happy years.

If as a class we have developed any very excellent traits, this year, remember that even a comparatively excellent class could soon positively excel, under the superlative leadership of Captain X-sler.

Class Prophecy for Room Four

One lovely October day in 1937, Mr. Franklin Quale, the florist, came home from a hard day's work. At the age of twenty-five he had settled down to a quiet life, perhaps, beginning with his marriage to Nancy Morrison. Nancy had finished high school and then started in business as a shopper for Lasalle's. She always had liked to ask questions, so here she got her chance. But after working for a few years, she got tired and thought it would be better to let some one work for her and Franklin was the lucky or perhaps unlucky man.

Upon reaching his home, this evening, he sat down and read the evening paper.

After reading all the sports, his chief interest, he turned to the inside of the paper. Here a familiar name caught his eye. It was that of Mildred Schwyn. "Nancy," called Franklin, "please look at this. 'Mr. and Mrs. Teterbaum announce the engagement of their daughter, Mildred Schwyn to Mr. Joseph Friend, the noted Socialist. Miss Schwyn has been proprietor of the Fade-a-Way Beauty Shops for some time, while Mr. Friend is especially noted for his after dinner speeches, the brevity of which, he says, is due to the long and vigorous training of his eighth grade teacher, Miss Oechsler.' Well, of all things!"

"One would easily have guessed that fifteen years ago," replied Nancy.

"And glance over this!" exclaimed her husband. 'Miss Virginia McCreery has just resigned from teaching mathematics at Scott High School. 'Tis said she needs complete rest after trying to teach Freshman algebra.' Also, 'Mr. Mason Holt has invented a new kind of desk with a waste-basket attachment on the side. This is to be used in Scott High'."

"I wish he had invented it years ago, for he always had gobs of paper and dirt around his desk when we went to school together," remarked Nancy.

"But hurry, Franklin," said Nancy, "we have to get dressed. Tonight is the fifteenth annual reunion of our eighth grade class, and we mustn't be late, for no stragglers are allowed, you know."

At this remark, Franklin started up-stairs. In an hour Nancy and he were to be seen speeding along in their car towards Stay-a-While, Rebecca Lane's tea house, on the River Road, where the reunion was to be held. Rebecca enjoyed her tea house very much, we imagine, because here she could eat as much cake and candy as she wanted to. I imagine that was why she chose to have one.

Upon arriving at the Tea House, Nancy and Franklin were met by many of the people who had been their eighth grade chums.

At this reunion to-night, there were Maxine and Helene Cosgray, noted

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singers, now playing in the Keith circuit; Mary Hartman, who had written the year's best seller, entitled, "Why Get Married"; Franklin Clark, the owner of the Toledo baseball club, which finally had a winning team; Norman Levey, bachelor, but still as fond of the girls as ever. He always vowed he couldn't tell which girl he liked best. So in order to keep in touch with ladies, he opened Levey's, the biggest dressmaking establishment in the Middle West. Others were Martha Tom, who writes a column, "More Truth Than Poetry," for the News-Bee; Madelyn Levi, who is in the mail order business and has made a fortune on telling people "How to Reduce"; and Mabel Kirkbride, wife of Walter Linsell, who found oil on his estate in Texas and is now worth \$100,000, and now a celebrated society leader in Sylvania.

After being seated, conversation flowed briskly, question after question being asked about absent members. Above the din, Rebecca remarked, "Mary, what has become of Elizabeth Dougherty, she hasn't been to a reunion in years?"

"Oh, she's a celebrated painter now, and is so busy making magazine covers and tending her two children, that she hasn't time for reunions."

"Oh, well," said snippy Naney, "she has attained her heart's desire."

The conversation stopped awhile as every one ate, until Mabel questioned, "Did any of you see the Friedman's Follies the other evening? You know it was produced by Murray Friedman, our old schoolmate! Hope he has enough girls around him now."

After this startling remark, Martha said, "Did any of you know that Miriam Peters is at last in the movies in Hollywood? She plays vampire parts."

"Why, I am not a bit surprised," said Franklin Quale; "she was always crazy about movie stars."

"What has become of Lawrence Hill?" asked Franklin Clarke.

"Didn't you know that he owns a hotel in Squedunk Mountain? Here he can lie around to his heart's content, for a stranger comes to town only about once a month," replied Rebecca.

"Well," said Mary, thoroughly disgusted, "I should think he would have a better place than that."

As the dessert was being served, Maxine said, "I have heard that Jane Trost has married very well and has all the dresses she wants. She must be happy."

"Oh, that's nothing, she always had a lot anyway," replied Helene.

Then Madelyn said, "Did you know that William McIlwain is living in Kentucky again and is teaching History in a high school? Won't his pupils have fun when they take up the Civil War?"

"Do any of you know what Betty Idoine is doing?" questioned Franklin Clarke.

"Yes, I have heard that she is the editor of the 'Ladies Home Journal'," replied Norman. "She ought to be able to manage any kind of magazine, after her experience."

As every one was through eating, the party went out on the porch. An embarrassing silence followed, which was soon broken when Walter said, "I heard that Miss Oechsler has had her wish for a new Fulton School and is still teaching there. Do you suppose she still asks, 'Why? Why? Why?'"

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"Oh, that reminds me," said Mary. "Lillian Knorr is the principal at Glenwood School."

"Yes, and Louise Koss is the head of the Adams Street Mission," said Mabel.

"Well, of all things," remarked Franklin Quale, "I should never have thought she would do that."

"I haven't heard anything about Miss Marker," said Helene.

"Well, no wonder you haven't, she has retired from school on her pension and is now living a quiet life in California," replied Rebecca.

"Well, I should like to know where Margaret Stark is living now?" questioned Nancy.

"Why, don't you know? She is living in Russia and is dancing in the Russian ballet," answered Madelyn.

"Well, we've heard of all the old class now but Evelyn Rodd and Lillian Laycock. And where are they?" asked Helene. "They never have been to one of our reunions."

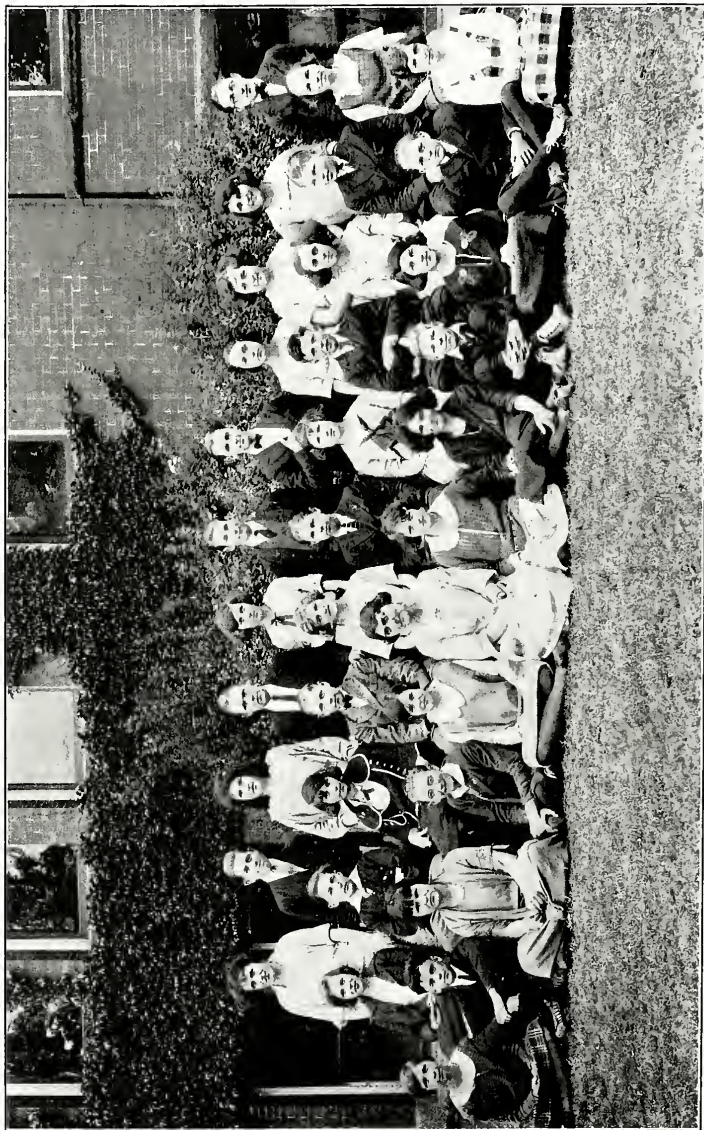
"Oh, Lillian is teaching singing to the children in a mission in China and Evelyn is a Congresswoman in Washington now. They're both too busy to attend class reunions," said Walter.

"People, do you know what time it is!" exclaimed Mary, looking at her wrist watch. "Half-past twelve and we're miles from home! We always were so talkative, we never knew when to stop. I see we haven't changed a bit since our eighth grade days."

Then began a mad scramble for wraps, a tooting of horns, a chorus of good-byes, they at last left the tea house, and the fifteenth reunion was a thing of the past.

—Martha Tom and Betty Idoine.





Room 20. MISS BENSTER'S CLASS



OUR CLASS '22

Room Twenty—Miss Benster

At a class meeting held in September, 1921, this class chose the following officers: Richard Stophlet, president; Edward Mauk, vice-president; Shelby Morrison, secretary; Ethel Colegrove, treasurer, and Carolus Sheffield, councilman. These officers with the co-operation of the class, efficiently carried on their work and kept a good spirit in Room twenty.

PICTURE

Top row, left to right: Selma Paris, Harold Waltz, Marguerite Parquet, Richard Stophlet, Beatrice Didham, Carolus Sheffield, Martin Raley, Thelma DuVall, Fanny Reinstein, Adelyn Gordon, Sidney Green.

Second row, left to right: Louise Dean, Edward Ilusted, Lucile Vogel, Howard Miller, Barbara Brewster, Lee Culler, Eleanor Wynkoop, Edward Mauk, Dorothy Riess, Esmond McCliesh, Elizabeth Graham.

Third row, left to right: Mary Louise Hansen, Shelby Morrison, Virginia Camp, Stanford Treuhart, Ethel Colegrove, Miss Benster, Kate Moules, Esther Farber, Russell Davis, Phyllis Hallem, Bertram McBain, Margaret Danner.

Prophecy for Room Twenty

To "Nineteen-Thirty" and Back

What a wonderful feeling it is to sit back in a cozy chair while the May breezes blow in from the open window. To be sure it is not very often that a young woman of twenty-four has time for this sort of thing, but, as I had nothing else to do, I sat gazing out of the open window. All of a sudden an inspiration seized me and jumping to my feet, I took my hat and coat and went out into the beautiful May sunlight for a walk. Walking swiftly along the street, I saw a tall girl about my own age, approaching me.

"I wonder who that is?" I said to myself; "I recognize her face but I can not place her."

As she passed me, I accidently stepped upon her long lace train, a late Paris importation.

"Oh, pardon me!" I said.

"Well!" exclaimed the girl, "If it isn't Barbara Brewster!"

"Why, Beatrice Didham," I said, "I did not recognize you at first. Where are you going this beautiful day?"

"Oh, I was just taking a walk," answered Beatrice. "Won't you come with me? I am going to Keith's to see Pavlowa II or Myrtle Hansenette."

"I'd love to," I answered.

"You see," replied Beatrice, "I have two tickets for the box. A friend was going with me, but at the last minute she phoned me that she was ill. Where are you living now?"

"I live on Long Island, where I have my Nature Study studio. While in

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Toledo, I am staying at the "New Secor." I have taken up the study of nature and enjoy it very much. I have many wild birds and animals and I intend to go into the study further. By the way, who is this Myrtle Hansenette?" I asked.

"She formerly was Mary Louise Hansen. Why!" she exclaimed, "she was your best friend at school!"

"Oh! Is that really Mary Louise? When I came back from Long Island I could not find her here so I thought she had moved somewhere else. I never dreamed she would keep up her dancing so long, I thought it was just a pastime."

"Hurry," Beatrice said, "we don't want to miss the music."

We both laughed as we quickened our steps.

We did not realize that we were noisy, but, as we were entering the theatre, a policeman whom we at once recognized as Carolus Sheffield, stepped up to us and whispered, "Haven't you heard the order that there shall be no loud talking or noises on or in the public places and streets of Toledo? Mayor Richard Stophlet is endeavoring to make this city more thoughtful and dignified, and giggling and loud talking are not allowed in public. Fulton School has the honor of giving to Toledo the best mayor it has ever had. Mr. Esmond McCliesh, the inventor, has suggested putting rubber tires on the street cars."

"I am sorry, sir, but we didn't know about it. I never read the papers but I am sure it will not happen again," I gasped.

As we turned away I said, "Well! Well! You know Richard used to be the President of our class in the eighth grade. Little did we know then that he would become Mayor of our city, and such a dignified one, too."

We entered the theatre, and a young usher stepped up to us and said, "Tickets, please." As Beatrice handed him the tickets, I noticed a smile cross his face and I asked, "Who is that usher?"

"Oh, that's Stanford Treuhaft, and there's Garth Morris in the other aisle, rushing around as usual."

It did not seem very strange to see them as ushers because they used to like the aisles so well at school.

We were soon seated in our box and I turned around to observe the audience. A familiar face next to us caught my eye.

"Who is that gentleman?" I turned to Beatrice and asked.

"Why, that's Russell Davis."

"Good afternoon, Miss Didham and Miss Brewster," said he, recognizing us at once, "have you come to see my wife dance?"

"Your wife!" I exclaimed.

Mr. Davis laughed and replied, "Yes, we were married two years ago."

The music started and the curtain rose and revealed a very dignified looking young man. Another man stepped out and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this afternoon, Mr. Shelby Morrison, who will now speak upon the "Exasperating Interference of Radio with Our Aerial Mail Service."

"Mr. Morrison, please step forward."

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Davis, "If that isn't Shelby Morrison, who used to be in the eighth grade with us."

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"I always thought," replied Beatrice, "that he would become some kind of an orator. Do you remember the way he used to recite his lessons in school?"

The talk must have been very strong and interesting, for it was applauded greatly; but, unfortunately, neither Beatrice nor I had a dictionary so we lost many of the important points.

After this number came a motion picture starring Virginia Durbin. She was a new star and everyone watched her, eagerly.

"Her face looks familiar," I said.

"Yes," replied Beatrice, "she was Ethel Colegrove. I haven't heard from her since she entered the movies."

"I saw her husband, Harold Waltz, about three weeks ago. He's a business man with headquarters in California."

I was going to ask what business, but the play became very interesting at this point and I forgot about it.

Next came a musical hit, "Apple Blossoms," featuring Miss Margaret Danner at the piano, and Miss Esther Farber, voice soloist, while the great dancing master, Mr. Martin Raley and his partner, Miss Dorothy Riess, gave many fancy dances.

Much grace and skill were expressed by these great artists whom we recognized at first sight.

"My!" What time will do," observed Beatrice.

"Yes, we never realized that our classmates could ever become such wonderful people," I replied.

Now came a new and unexpected thrill.

The curtain rose slowly upon what seemed a field of ice and snow. The scene was very realistic and everyone gasped as a pair with skis fastened to their feet came into view. They climbed up to the top of the hill in the center of the stage, posed for a moment while the audience went wild with excitement. A whistle was blown and away they went swiftly down the icy hill and down into the audience. Up, up, up, they went through space into the highest gallery which was reserved for this purpose. The people craned their necks to get a better look at the skillful pair, who proved to be Virginia Camp and Bertram McBain.

The last and most interesting event of the afternoon was a group of dances by Pavlowa II. She was very charming, and showed much skill in all her dances.

Your wife, Maryetta, certainly showed talent," I said, turning to Mr. Davis. "I should be delighted to have both of you come to tea some afternoon before I return to Long Island."

"Thank you, very much," answered Mr. Davis, "I should be delighted to and I assure you my wife would too."

We said good-bye and Beatrice and I started for a door. As we reached the street, we noticed a large crowd standing in front of the theatre. We drew near and to our surprise saw, in the center of the crowd, a tall and handsome young man of about twenty-five. His large blue eyes were shining with excitement. It was no other than Harold Waltz.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have in my hand the most wonderful gum ever made. It is called 'The Chewless Gum.' No energy is required to

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chew it. First, take a package of this wonderful gum, take off the silk wrappings and put it in your mouth; it chews itself. I will now demonstrate it."

He did it with a grace and ease that showed long practice. Everyone in the crowd, ourselves included, bought a package.

As we walked down St. Clair Street I noticed that the Valentine Building had been replaced by an artistically planned building. In big, electric letters across the front of the building was written, "The Culler Art Studio—Welcome."

"That's Lee Culler's Studio. You remember Lee, don't you?" Beatrice asked.

"Indeed I do," I replied. "Let's go in."

As we came up to the door, it opened of its own accord, but when we were about to enter, we found ourselves sprawling on the sidewalk. We scrambled to our feet and looked at the door. It was closed and everything was still.

The door opened again and a man came forward, making many apologies.

"Why, it's Lee himself!" exclaimed Beatrice. "I hardly recognized you with your beard."

Lee ushered us in and explained the accident. "I'm very sorry that such a disagreeable thing happened. You see I had to buy two of these door contrivances because one is a "Gordon," invented by Adelyn Gordon, and the other is a "McCliesh," invented by our great inventor, Esmond McCliesh. They do not get along any better than their inventors used to. Every time "Gordon" opens the door, "McCliesh" closes it and vice versa. I can't get rid of them without offending the inventors. But come in, I want you to see my masterpiece and see if you can guess my model."

He took us into a large room, at the end of which there was hung the most wonderful painting I think I have ever seen. The picture was called "The Paradise Rose." In the center of the picture stood a beautiful girl dressed in yellow, her long, black, curly hair streaming down to her ankles.

"Oh, I do believe that is Kathryn Moules!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Yes," replied Lee. "She poses for all my paintings."

We admired the rest of Lee's paintings, and then, looking down at my shoe where my tiny foot-watch kept time, I discovered how late it was and we left.

We turned our steps toward the "New Secor." Near Madison Avenue, we noticed a crowd gathered on the corner.

I wanted to know what had happened. I said, "Come, let's go over and see. I do hope it isn't an animal that's hurt," I added.

"What's the matter?" I asked a newsboy.

"Man's hurt, but they have sent up for the great Dr. Green and he'll be all right soon."

Looking up at the near building, we saw the name "Dr. Green" in gold letters on a window, but this meant nothing to us.

"Here he comes now," said the boy.

We looked toward the entrance and saw a tall and stately man approaching, carrying a case on which was printed "Dr. S. Green."

"Why, if it isn't Sidney Green, who everyone thought would become a violinist," cried Beatrice.

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"Yes," I replied, "but do look there!"

A sign on the window next to Dr. Green's had caught my eye. It read: "How I grew thin in two lessons."

"Oh, yes," said Beatrice, "that's Mrs. B. McBain's office. You know her; she was formerly Eleanor Wynkoop."

"Indeed! I surely must go in and see her before I go home to Long Island."

It was getting late, so we hurried on to the New Secor. We arrived about six-thirty and Beatrice explained that the "Aerial Service" would be in soon.

"There is going to be a moonlight ride over the lake tonight," she informed me. We heard a loud buzzing and looking up into the sky, we saw an immense aircraft swooping down toward the hotel.

"Of course you know the roof is one of our numerous air stations," observed Beatrice. "Do you think we would have time to go up before dinner?"

"We'll make time," I said. After a ten-minute ride in the "hiest" or the new style elevator, we reached the seventy-ninth story and stepped onto the roof.

Just alighting from the huge craft were a handsome lady and gentleman.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "if that isn't Miss Marker, but who is that gentleman?"

"Don't you know? That's her husband, the present owner of this hotel," said Beatrice. "They were married eight years ago. That handsome young pilot is Howard Miller. He holds the record for fast air flight."

After talking to Howard, and promising to go on the moonlight ride, we went down for dinner. As we were on our way down, we noticed the "hiest" boy, who wore a red flannel suit with long white trousers, seemed to be trying to draw our attention. Beatrice turned to me and whispered, "That's Phyllis Hallem, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, so it is," I said.

We talked to her as we descended to the first floor.

Our dinner was rather hurried, as we were eager to start for the moonlight, which left at eight sharp. Soon we were on board and in a few minutes we glided over the lake.

"Let's dance," I said.

"All right," said Beatrice.

"Isn't the music inspiring?" I said, as we approached the dance hall.

"It surely is, and how wonderful it is that Mr. Miller can balance this aeroplane so people can dance! But look," Beatrice added, "isn't that Thelma Du Vall playing the piano and Selma Paris singing?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I replied.

After many enjoyable dances we decided to go out on the deck.

"What's wrong?" Beatrice asked, looking toward a tall, curly-headed woman, who seemed very excited and who was exclaiming, "Oh, what ever shall I do?"

We recognized her as Marguerite Parquet with her seven children. She said she was teaching the children about the stars and did not notice that one of the boys was missing.

A young man with auburn hair, whom we recognized as Edward Mauk, came forward. "I'll find him, I'll find him," he grinned. "Don't you know I'm a second Sherlock Holmes?"

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"Sure we'll find him," called a voice behind Detective Mauk, and there appeared his shadow, Edward Husted.

In less time than it takes to tell it, they appeared still grinning and carrying a sleeping child.

"Poor fellow," said Edward Husted, "I know just how it is. I used to sleep in class, too."

We had just settled down for a rest after the excitement when we saw a girl carrying a large basket of candy yelling, "Candy for sale! Home-made candy for sale!"

"That's Elizabeth Graham," we both said at once, and she smiled as we spoke. She gave us a box of fresh home-made candy.

"It certainly pays to remember school friends," observed Beatrice, as she bit into a chocolate.

We became thirsty and went for a drink.

To our surprise, Fanny Reinstein greeted us at the entrance and informed us that she owned all the refreshments in the Aerial Service.

We went out on deck again and noticed that the sky had clouded and a heavy wind was blowing. The airship rocked to and fro in the storm and we began to have a sea-sick feeling.

"Le-m-ons! Le-m-ons!" called two girls as they swayed from side to side, eating a lemon held in one hand and trying desperately to balance a tray in the other. The storm grew worse and the lightning flashed.

An awful thunderclap, and the aircraft sank gradually downwards. The people were paniestriken and rushed from side to side, screaming in their fear.

"Be quiet and don't push. Here are the life preservers," call the captain's voice.

"Oh," we cried together, "that is Miss Benster's voice. Where is she?"

We looked about eagerly, but the passengers made a mad rush for the life preservers and the aircraft shot downwards.

Beatrice and I grasped each other and said not a word. Down, down, down, the craft sank and soon the cold waters of the lake closed over our heads, but Beatrice and I still clung desperately to each other. All of a sudden a faint voice was heard above the noisy storm. It grew louder and louder:

"Beatrice and Barbara!!!! Close that window immediately and get to work on that prophecy. Don't you know it must be finished this noon?"

I came to with a start and found myself clinging to my classmate in a back seat of Room 20, with the window open behind us and the rain pouring in. The calendar on the wall said May, 1922, and before us lay this prophecy half finished. In the front of the room Miss Benster stood giving us her warning.

"Yes, Miss Benster," we replied. "It will be finished in ten minutes."

The End.

BEATRICE DIDHAM,
BARBARA BREWSTER.



Class History of Room Twenty



One bright September morning, in the year of 1912, a happy band, eager for adventure, boarded the good ship "Fulton" for a cruise in the World of Education. We passed inspection by the captain, Miss Marker, and we were assigned to Miss Lucile, who was to be our guide on our first year's tour.

The first stop was the little island of "Kindergarten," and you can imagine how excited we were when we arrived there. We were soon made to feel very much at home and passed our time singing and dancing. Our stay was almost like a fairy story, for we heard of so many things we didn't even know existed before. Our guide, Miss Lucile, made everything so pleasant for us that two years had passed before we were ready to leave.

When that time came, we were told of the little outlying town of "Alphabet." Miss Huston, Miss Gundrum and Miss Freed were chosen to show us through this interesting town and they won us immediately by declaring a holiday of one-half day in our honor. Later we were shown places of interest and advised to climb the mountain of "Oral Reading." This was very easy for there were many signposts along the way and the paths were well beaten. Our success in climbing led us to enter the "Cave of Numbers," but the windings of this cave were so numerous and so dark that some of our band were still in the cave when the boat set sail.

We missed our friends at first but at "Port-o'-Second," where we were taken by Miss O'Brien and Miss Miller, we were kept so busy for the next year that we quite forgot them. The ways were new and very difficult to learn, but we soon became accustomed to them and were sorry when the time came to pack our grips and go on.

Our guides gave us passports to the town of "Ink" on the "Dark Continent," and here our troubles began in earnest. Almost immediately we encountered the dragon "Geography," and this terrible monster took such a fancy to us that he followed us in our wanderings for the next three years and every now and then devoured one of our number. Here also we found that the law required that monthly "Reports" of our doings be sent to our home country, by Miss Keplinger, Miss Campbell and Miss Fleming and in the future we found our freedom somewhat curtailed.

Our courage and cheerfulness under all these trying circumstances, however, secured us permission to explore the "Land of Tests." Miss Simpson, Miss Mayhew, our new guides felt that we had traveled enough by this time to be somewhat independent, so they presented us with guide books called "Dictionaries," which proved of use to us in all our later voyages. While here we heard of the terrible stream of "Long Division," which led far into the interior of the country and was thought by many to have no end. We decided to take a trip down this river and soon encountered sandbars, cataracts, rapids,

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floods and every possible obstacle to our progress. The trip was so hazardous that we changed guides many times before we finally reached the interior.

We secured Miss Ebert, Miss Weybourne and Miss Bramwell, for our new leaders and determined to rest from our trip in Central Fifth, but alas we found the country in a serious revolution owing to a division of Fractions. The Dividends wanted to keep the old stable government but the Divisors wanted to turn everything upside down. Our guides were in favor with both factions and this was lucky for us because whenever we got into trouble with the authorities they came to our rescue.

At the end of the year, we gladly embarked for the "Kingdom of Decimals." Some of our friends, we were sorry to find, were held as prisoners of war but Miss Marker said that General Summer Session would secure their release and they could join us later at Decimals. The King of Decimals gave each of us a key to the capital called "Decimal Point" and for the rest of the year it surely kept Miss Neja, Miss Yeslin and Miss Petty busy keeping track of our various keys. In spite of their efforts, some of us lost our keys before the end of our stay and had to use the special master-key "Tutor" to let us out when we were ready to leave. Here we met the most interesting character, "Miss Nature Study." We wanted to hear all the wonderful things she knew and through our interpreter, Miss Yeslin, we heard her stories of the stars, birds, flowers and trees.

We were eager to know more, but Miss Marker said our ship was due at "History Hills" in September, so we left.

We were now chaperoned on our eighth journey by Miss Amesse and Miss Perkins. This latter friend lead us to our first athletics. Basketball and baseball were patiently taught us and we had many successful games. We did not have much time for athletics, however, for before us loomed the steep, rocky cliffs of History Hills. Beside us, as we climbed these dangerous heights, walked the veterans of the Revolutionary War. Their long stories were exceedingly interesting but numerous dates and laws they told us about weighed upon our minds.

We were only half way up "History Hills" when our guides lead us over to "English Plains." There we met Mr. and Mrs. Verb and their family of little verbs, coming toward us. The smaller verbs seemed exhausted and Miss Perkins informed us that we should carry them with us on our journey. Some of the baby verbs were very "active" and caused much trouble; others were very "passive," but were even more confusing at times than the "active" verbs.

After much hard labor with the verbs, Miss Amesse announced that we would have a rest from the verbs and directed us to "Percentage Valley." On the way some of our friends took the wrong trail but were soon rescued by Miss Keplinger, our emergency guide.

In this valley we found it was customary for certain citizens to carry % signs and these signs made them one hundred times as important as those citizens who carried no signs.

As we were busy figuring out to whom the % signs belonged, we heard a loud cry from the distant hills. Our guides informed us that the noise came

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from "Graduation Heights," where our older sisters and brothers were enjoying the "Freshman Party."

Miss Marker said that by traveling fast we could reach "Graduation Heights" by September.

Miss Benster now became our guide and we arrived at "Graduation Heights" on time but our Freshman Party was long delayed. We found that it was necessary for us to travel many miles of rocky roads called "Bank Discount," "Ratio," "Civics," etc., before arriving at "Auditorium," where parties are always held. When we finally arrived, the party was worth the trouble and we were all glad we had come.

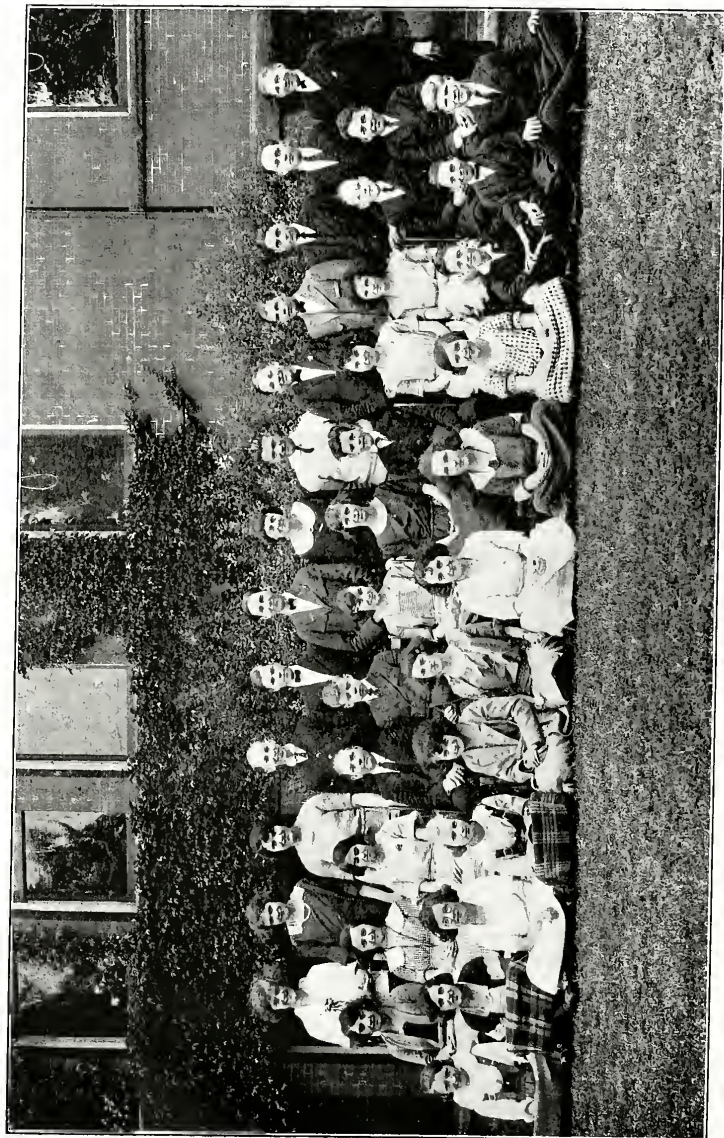
One day toward the end of the year, we were called together and told that the "Fulton's" voyage ended at "Graduation heights." We had long been expecting this and some of us were very sorry. A great picnic was planned to celebrate all the good times we had had on board the "Fulton" and we certainly did celebrate.

On the last day on board the "Fulton" there was a great scramble for our passports, which were required by the captain of the "Scott."

The "Scott" is a much larger boat than the "Fulton," and, of course, we look forward to traveling on such a beautiful ship, but our fond memories of "Fulton" will stay with us always.

—Kate Moules, Shelby Morrison, Russel Davis.





Room 9. MISS CULLUM'S CLASS



Miss Cullum's Class

Room Nine

This class published a monthly magazine called "Klass Krumbs."

They furnished the largest number of musicians for the Fulton Orchestra.

PICTURE

Top row, from left to right: Miriam O'Neil, Alice Dresser, Jeanette Fink, John Hone, George Bradley, John Moore, Miss Cullum, Albert Weckle, Boyd Gernhard, Cyril Basinger, Lytle Parks, Lawrence Maine, Norman McChesney.

Second row: Sarah Pappas, Minnie Foraster, Carroll Messing, Carl Wolf, Ralph Coleman, Theresa Reicherd, Anna Lang, Frederick Lee, Dorothy Cock-erill, Martha Webster, Ben Williams, Robert Clingan.

Third row: Catherine Schwab, Gertrude Seligman, Frances Rife, Luella Fritsche, Erma Mitchell, Irene Binzer, Florence Damraur, Eva Greenspon, Esther Hull, Willard Smith, Wilbert Wacker, Kenneth Turner.



Kronicles of Kullum's Klassy Kids



Lo! Kullum's Klassy Kids are ready to fare forth into the mysterious realms of high school wherein deeper learning is aquired.

High school! Those magic words! Those majestie words that have inspired us with awe, admiration and envy these eight years. We have wondered; will we ever attain the goal? And when we are on the threshold of our heart's desire, we question ourselves as to whether we are dreaming and will soon awake to realize that it is but a passing dream. But enough of this, let us hasten to relate something of our class history.

Only six of our classmates have attended Fulton from the kindergarten to the eighth grade. They are John Moore, Kenneth Turner, Wilbert Wacker, Lawrence Maine, George Bradley, and one girl, Luella Fritsche.

The first three years of school life were uneventful, but in the third grade, our class had several teachers, as the regular teacher was ill. We entered the fourth grade with Miss Simpson for our instructress in the three R's and other studies. The next three years were spent in portables due to the crowded condition of the building. Miss Eberth and Miss Bramwell taught us in the fifth grade, Miss Neja and Miss Petty in the sixth grade, and Miss Dean and Miss Bramwell in the seventh grade.

In the seventh grade we were compelled to have half-day sessions due to the increasing population of Fulton distriect. And then back to the bnilding in the eighth grade we came with Miss Cullum as our guide. What a grand and glorious feeling it was! But what a time we have led Miss Cullum, in the deep, dark abysses of English, Arithmetic, and History, owing to those half-day sessions in the seventh grade. Still, most of us will pull through and one or two will pass with honors.

Many good times have been enjoyed by the class this year, among them the Freshmen Party, which was given by the eighth grade pupils to those Freshmen who attended Fulton last year.

And now with the eighth grade picnie looming in the near future and our diplomas and report cards awaiting us, we are happy and carefree, ready to enjoy our vacation to the utmost in preparation for hard study, good grades, and good conduct in high school, business college or life.

Let us bid adieu to good old Fulton, to its principal, Miss Marker, to Miss Cullum and other teachers, thus ending our grammar school life.

—Frances Blake.



Class Prophecy

By Boyd Gernhard and John Hone, of Miss Cullum's Room

It is probable that you have heard of Marker City and yet it is possible that you have not. But if you are one of the beloved members of Miss Cullum's graduating class of 1922 you have missed a treat if you have not visited this—er—ah—quiet little city.

During the recent fracas with Mexico, (namely, the War of 1935), we acquired half of the Mexican state of Chihuahua, just south of the state of New Mexico.

This result was mainly brought about by the magnificent efforts of the illustrious General William Lucas, who, accompanied by his able assistants, "Kernel" Kenneth Turner and "Cap'n" John Moore, forced Mexico to surrender this territory to the United States within one month.

President William George Charles Dorsey Blake, Ph. D., D. D., X. Y. Z., M. T., etc., of the United States of America, gave his kind permission to General Lucas to form a country of his own out of this territory, to be populated and ruled by former members of Fulton School, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A. This act was followed by a general rush of former Fultonians and their families to this new country.

A government was formed which resembled that of the United States very closely. A House of Deputies was elected, which, though very much like our Congress, consisted of only one house instead of two. A president, Lawrence Maine, and a vice-president, Ralph Coleman, were elected.

Towns, bridges, railroads, county lines, and buildings shot up as if by magic, and affairs in Fultonia, (as it was called), went along quite noisily for a year or two.

CHAPTER I.

A former class president at Fulton sat under a broad awning outside of the Ambassador, a famous hotel in Atlantic City. His name is—what? Fred Dohn?—No, wrong! John Hone. Nodding sleepily at the noisy street, his mind ran back over the 29 years of his eventful young life. At the same table with the young millionaire, (for, by the way, he had inherited a cool million from his uncle, the "Safe King"), sat another gentleman, not quite so tall, but dark, handsome, well proportioned and dressed in quite as good taste as the blond giant at his side. Of course you remember Bob Clingan of Room 9. In his capacity as private secretary and traveling companion to Mr. Hone, the erstwhile Robert served very well.

Suddenly there appeared on the horizon, a young man of about thirty years who, after looking carefully around, seated himself and called for ice cream. There was something vaguely familiar about him which attracted the attention of our two friends. At last he looked up from the magazine that he

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was reading and with a quick smile of recognition, he dashed over to the table at which they were sitting, and pumped the hand of Hone.

"Johnny Hone!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Boyd Gernhard!" yelled Bob.

"I'll be ding dinged!" from John.

"Hello, Bob, old cutup, how are ya?" said our friend Boyd breathlessly.

"What are you doing here?" asked John.

"Why, I am vice-president of the Wolf Motors, Inc. 'Member Carl? Well, he invented a twelve cylinder bus, called the American Wolf. Quite a car. I get a salary of \$20,000. Not a bad job, eh?" said Boyd.

"Lite, you know, Lytle Parks, is my general manager. He does all the work; it certainly is a snap for me." He paused, removed his cap and continued: "Quite a few old Fultonians are working for Carl and myself. Parks has charge of the branch at Chicago; my headquarters are at New York; Cy Basinger is at Boston, and George Bradley is at San Francisco. I am waiting to meet Lytle now. What are you and Bob doing?"

"We? Oh! We're just traveling around having a good time. But, say, I thought Lytle Parks had quite a little money; what's he working for?" asked Bob.

"Well, he's just helping me out you see, we've both made quite a bit and are just waiting for Carl to relieve us, then we're going to Europe."

The waiter then appeared with a yellow slip of paper in his hand.

"Mister Boyd Gernhard," he called.

"Here, waiter," said our friend; "guess it's from Carl," he added to John and Bob.

"He says, 'Am sending two men to take the place of you and Parks. Basinger is to take charge at New York. I am leaving for Fultonia tonight. Good luck.—Carl W.'"

"Fultonia?" questioned Bob; "what is that? Sounds familiar."

"Yes," said Boyd, "read this article in the Binzer Weekly, edited by dear old Irene B.," he added, handing the magazine to John and Bob, who scanned the paper with interest.

"Whew!" said John and Bob together, "that sounds good, let's go."

"Just what I was thinking," replied Boyd; "there is a train leaving for New Orleans in two hours, if it's all right with you I'm ready and I know Lytle will go."

"All right—waiter! The trunks of these gentlemen are at this hotel—mine are at the Traymore, send them all to the New York and Southern station—hurry!"

Inside of five minutes the redoubtable Parks appeared, was duly acquainted with the facts and agreed to go at once.

Outside of meeting Luella Fritsche, who was also hurrying to Fultonia, they had an uneventful trip.

Arriving in New Orleans eight hours later they took the Aeroplane Express for Marker City. After a day of hard traveling, they wasted no time in getting into their berths. John read the Marker City News, and fell asleep wondering about the strange country he was about to visit, populated only by friends that he had not seen, some of them, in twelve years.

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CHAPTER II.

The sun pouring into the porthole over his berth, and the rocking of the great machine in which he was sleeping awoke Bob Clingan on the morning of June seventeenth, nineteen thirty-six, on the roof of the Aeroplane Express Building in Marker City. He arose, awakened the others and plied the porter with questions, closely resembling the following:

"What time is it?" asked Bob.

"Sir, we arrived at nine thirty-three; it is now ten o'clock," the porter replied.

"Huh!" said Bob with astonishment, "but where are we?"

"On top of the Aeroplane Express Building, sir. All the aeroplanes land here—it is seventy-five stories high, the highest building in Marker City," the porter replied in a respectful tone.

The porter, by the way, was Norman McChesney, but Bob did not recognize him at the time.

By the time that Bob had finished probing the porter the others were up and ready to go. They went inside the mammoth building and took the elevator to the ground floor. This elevator was a spacious one fitted up like a Pullman car, and during the fifteen minute ride they enjoyed themselves in looking over the strange scenes, for the side of the building on which the cars ran was made of glass about three inches thick, all the way to the ground.

As they alighted a huge sign caught Bob's eye, "Venus Beauty Parlors, Anna Lang, Sarah Pappas, Alice Dresser, Proprietors."

"Look at that," exclaimed Bob, "let's go in."

They crossed the street and entered the establishment. Whom should they see but our old friends, Al Weckle, having his hair marcelled by Anna Lang.

"Whew, let's get out while we can," said Bob.

They ran down the street and into a small store that stood on the corner.

As they entered, breathless, a sweet voice behind them inquired, "What can I do for you gentlemen?"

Just then another sweet voice started singing "Scotland's Burning," accompanied by someone at the piano. They turned and beheld the slim and beautiful Miss J. Fink; she informed them, not recognizing them, that Miss Theresa Reicherd was singing and Miss Florence Damraur was at the piano.

As they left they noticed a sign above the place, "Fink-Reicherd," All Latest Song Hits."

"I should say this is Fultonia," exclaimed Lytle.

"Come on," called Boyd, "let's find a good hotel."

They finally located the Hotel Dean, managed by Wilbert Wacker, assisted by his wife, who was formerly Miss Frances Blake.

They secured a fine suite of six rooms and proceeded to make themselves at home.

"Let's call on Lawrence Maine, he's president, you know," said John.

They dressed for the call on the President and proceeded to the palace.

They were let in by the chief attendant, Gertrude Seligman, who recognized them at once and led them to the reception chamber.

"I am sure the President and his wife will be glad to see you," said Gertrude.

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"Whom did he marry?" asked inquisitive Bob.

"Why! Don't you know? He married Minnie Foraster," replied Gertrude. Just then the President appeared and further conversation with Gertrude was impossible.

He recognized them immediately and shook hands with all.

"Well, how is everybody?" said Mister Maine. "Just a minute, gentlemen, I'll call my wife,—Oh, Min, some more old Fultonites to see us!"

Soon Mrs. Maine appeared in the doorway.

"Oh! Look who's here. Wait a second, boys, there is someone else here who will be glad to see you, I am sure," said Minnie.

In a minute or two she reappeared with our good friends, Dorothy Cockerill and Esther Hull. They were visiting with Mrs. Maine until they could find a suitable place to open their modern cafeteria.

"Say, Minnie, where is a good place to secure some meals?" asked Bob, who was always hungry.

"Why, the Cullum Tea Room is just around the corner on Benster Avenue. It is managed by Miriam O'Neil," answered Minnie.

"Oh, that's fine, I believe we'll have to go now," said the ever-hungry Bob.

They left, scolding Bob for his abruptness, but Bob replied that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

"Taxi! Taxi!" yelled John.

A voice from farther down the street replied, "Just a minute, sir."

Who do you think the fair taxi driver was; why, Catherine Schwab of course, but she went unrecognized.

"To the Cullum Tea Room, driver, at once!" said Bob.

They hurried into the tea room, Bob in the lead, and sat down at a table.

A waiter came up to take their order and was recognized as Willard Smith.

Just then the orchestra started up and Willard informed them that it was led by the great Frances Rife, who had just returned from a successful trip to Europe.

"Who's that coming in the door?" asked Lytle. "Why, it's Ben Williams, with Martha Webster and Erma Mitchell."

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Bob, "but look who's coming in the other door —Fred Lee, leading Eva Greenspon and Carroll Messing."

They called to the new arrivals and they all seated themselves around the spacious table. After they had all enjoyed a good dinner, they fell to discussing old times.

As the conversation was flying right and left, Bob reached over and touched Lytle, who was sitting next to him.

"Well, this is some place, isn't it?"

"I should say it is," said Lytle.

"What do you say about staying here?" said Bob.

"All right, if the others are willing," answered Lytle.

When the others were told, they agreed to the plan at once.

As Rife's Orchestra started playing the stirring anthem, "Hail Fultonia," Bob Clingan jumped out of his seat; "Three cheers for old Fulton!" he cried, and they were given with a will by the old schoolmates.

"Well, I guess Fulton was a pretty good place after all," said Boyd.

"Yes," came the chorus from all sides.

FINIS.



Class History of Room Nineteen



It was a bright September morning in 1913 and through the doors of Fulton School crowds of children were constantly streaming. They were all there from the big, dignified eighth graders to the tiny tots clinging to their mothers' hands, just about to embark upon their school career. Among these little ones were ourselves.

After the first awful week or so, we got used to getting up early in the morning and tramping to school. That first year we learned several things. How to spell "cat" and "rat," how to cross a street without getting run over and how to sit in school all day without talking. In later years we forgot some of these things, especially the latter. That first eventful year we spent in Miss Houston's room and then we passed into Miss Keplinger's second grade. In the second and third grades every child who received an honor card or a one hundred paper was marched around the entire building to exhibit his trophies.

The third year we spent under Miss Campbell's care and it was our first experience in a fresh-air room. This year was also noted because we received our first grade cards! Miss Mayhew, our fourth grade teacher, was married in the middle of the year (to our chagrin) and Miss Hiser taught us until June.

That year, for the first time, we left two of our number behind when we passed into Miss Weyburne's fifth grade.

We began manual training that year. The girls took sewing and the boys were under Mrs. Owen. Cocoa was also served for the first time.

When we entered Miss Yeslin's room we looked back on our fifth year and realized that we were having some good times at school and it wasn't all work. In the sixth grade we dramatized plays, had the piano for music, learned decimals and did several other noteworthy things.

Then at the end of the year, Miss Marker told us the awful news that the class was to be divided. Half were to go to Miss Amesse and half to Miss Perkins and soon a friendly rivalry grew up between the classes. That year, also, many new pupils and some from the portables were put in our rooms. Then came the basketball season and although we didn't win all the games we at least had a team.

The classes were again divided and we entered upon our eight year—a year of study, balanced by an equal number of good times. From the beginning of the first semester, we looked forward to the greatest events of the year—the Freshman Party and the time in the middle of June, 1922, when we were to make our exit from grade school and start another episode in our lives and become little insignificant Freshmen.

—Lenore Fain.



Room 19. MISS DEAN'S CLASS



Ruth Erler

Class of 1921-22

Room Nineteen—Miss Dean

This class soon after the beginning of the year formed a club called "Otakuye" or "Friendship." The officers of the club are: Frederick Dohn, president; Jean Forster, vice-president; Robert Colegrove, secretary; Mary Chase, treasurer.

PICTURE

Top row, left to right, are: Miss Dean, Florence Grant, Jane Moor, Alberta Benze, Charles Faber, John Eberth, Harold R. Woodruff, Lenore Fain, Jack Kemper, Frederick Dohn, William Chalmers.

Middle row, left to right, are: Naomi Zimmerman, Eleanor Basch, Marion Kahnweiler, Jean Forster, Bessie Horwitz, Melba Reiter, Alice Maudler, Elizabeth Gessner, Verna Henderson, Eleanor Ruidisch, Dorothy Leive.

Bottom row, left to right, are: Alfred Cohn, Allen Owen, Eva Markin, Ruth Erler, Elizabeth Delaplane, Stella Stein, Mary Chase, Robert Colgrove, John Tucker.



Prophecy for Room Nineteen



Our baseball team was playing an exhibition game with the Fulton Alumni. I was standing on the side lines rooting for our own fellows, when I felt something touch me. I turned and saw a little boy of about five years old. He exclaimed, "Will you save her?"

What did he mean? I turned to him with "What do you mean? Save whom?"

"My sister," came the reply, "she fell in a deep hole."

A manhole, I thought. "Where is she?"

"Follow me," he demanded, "and hurry."

He started out and went down the street about three blocks; then turned into a building, went down a long flight of stairs, and followed a long curving passageway until finally he led me into a small square room. Just as I entered the room, an old witch threw a black cat into a boiling pot and held a long, crooked stick over it. Immediately, yellow smoke began to issue from the pot. At the same time a high-pitched voice began to screech, "To Mary Chase is destined the fate of a stenographer."

"Continue," directed the witch.

"Ruth Erler will be a department store girl and Verna Henderson will be a house maid."

"Splash, will go the water, as Melba Reiter, the world's champion woman swimmer, goes in for a plunge."

"Alberta Benze will lead the life of a missionary in China."

"Swinging high up in a circus tent will be seen the agile John Tucker, the stellar acrobat of the times."

"Before the fists of Jack Kemper the world-renowned pugilist, will fall his numerous adversaries."

"William Chalmers will, as constable, keep order in the town of Perrysburg, Ohio."

At this moment I was seized and bound hand and foot. I perceived on the other side of the room the little fellow who had led me to this place. He was laughing at me so hard that I expected at any moment to see him explode, but this failed to happen. Such a predicament as I was in! I figured out that I was either to be held for ransom, or thrown into the boiling pot for some unknown reason. I shudderingly watched the witch who was poking her stick into the pot and shrieking, "Continue! Continue!"

The voice from within the pot cried out: "Eva Markin will be a dress-maker and Alice Mandler will be a farmerette."

"Marion Kahnweiler and Eleanor Basch will run a beauty parlor and Dorothy Lewis will be their manicurist."

"A telephone operator will be June Moor's lifelong profession."

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"Naomi Zimmerman will thrill the civilized world with her remarkable piano playing."

"A policewoman is the life which will be led by Eleanor Ruidisch."

"Alfred Cohn will be the greatest historian of all times."

Charles Faber, dainty to behold, will be a dancing master and teacher of etiquette."

"That is all," said the voice.

"That is not all," raged the witch, "you will tell more. Continue with it!"

"Very well," again came from the voice in tones of agony, "John Eberth tall and gaunt, will be a college professor."

"Stella Stien will be a bookkeeper, and Lenore Fain will be a famous elocution teacher."

"With a black cat and a parrot, Elizabeth Gissner will live as an old maid, far out in the country."

"Virginia Frey will be a waitress in a Chinese restaurant."

"Allen Owen will be a comedian, and will spend his life making people laugh."

"Great will be the applause received by Bessie Horwitz in her numerous appearances as a vamp in several of New York and Chicago's fashionable cafes."

"Elizabeth Delaplane will be a librarian in the public library at Elmore, Ohio."

"Peering over a pair of spectacles amazingly balanced on the end of an exceedingly pointed nose, will be Jean Forster, a district school teacher."

"Florence Grant will be a celebrated cook."

"Harold Woodruff will be a lawyer in the court of Judge Frederick Dohn."

"That will do," said the witch.

At this the cat jumped out of the pot and ran away, and this seemed to me the greatest mystery of all.

Then the witch turned to me and said, "Now for your fate."

I was seized and thrown into the pot head first. As the water rushed into my ears and eyes and nose, I began to gasp for breath. I opened my eyes and found, to my surprise, that I was sitting on the ground surrounded by my friends. They were all talking at once.

One exclaimed, "That was some wallop he got."

"Did you find the ball?" asked another.

"Who is that Alumni pitcher?" was asked by another; "He certainly is wild."

"Oh, that's Billy Guitteau," came the reply; "But now we're going to win that game."

—Robert Colegrove.



FULTONIAN STAFF



The Fultonian was started in 1921 and has been a very successful newspaper.

Ruth Stark was the first editor and by her untiring efforts put the paper on a firm foundation.

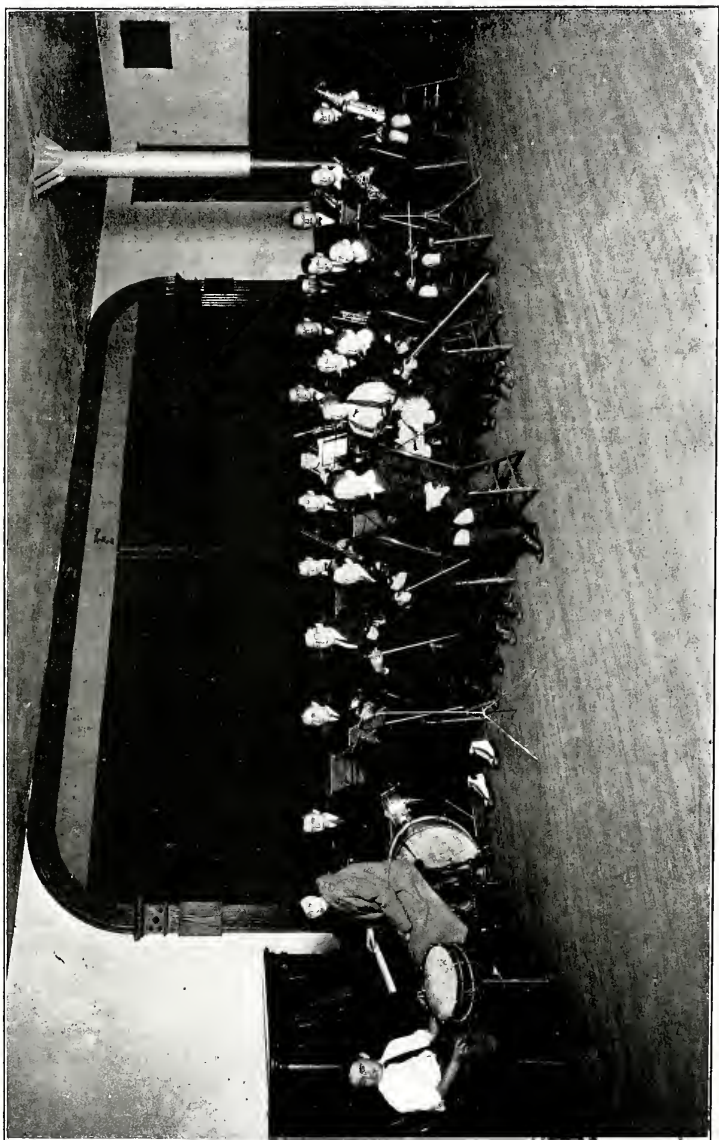
The work has been admirably carried on this year by her sister, Margaret Stark, who was the unanimous choice for the position. The paper has won much praise from many sources.

THE FULTONIAN STAFF

PICTURE

From Left to Right, Top Row: Advertising Manager, Shelby Morrison; Business Manager, Boyd Gernhard; Jokes, Elizabeth Gessner; Assistant Circulation Manager, John Hone; Circulation Manager, Fred Dohn; Sports, Franklin Quale.

Bottom Row: Question Box, Nancy Morrison; Assistant Editor, Jean Forster; Editor, Margaret Stark; General News, Lenore Fain; Jokes, Ethel Colegrove.



FULTON ORCHESTRA—1921-1922



Fulton Orchestra

“Music Hath Charms”

No one will forget the pep of this organization of Fulton School, the snap and flourish with which they rendered the “Dance of the Imps,” “The Conqueror,” “Roll of Honor March,” “Excelsior Gallop,” and the soulful dreaminess of “Love’s Way Waltz,” and the speed of “The Joy Riders.”

PICTURE

Drum—Henry DuDevoire.

Piano—Naomi Zimmerman

Traps—Billy Lucas.

Beginning from Stage:

First Row:

Frances Harsch,
Sidney Green,
Robert Stein,
Willard Smith.

Third Row:

Frances Parquet,
Miles Silverman,
L. E. Duval.

Second Row:

George Bradley,
William Blake,
Harriett Collen,
George Tobias.

Fourth Row:

Martin Raley,
Lee Culler,
Robert Clingan.

Fifth Row:

Harold Waltz,

Lawrence Maine,

George Dickey

Our Screen Shots

Room Nine

"The Acquittal."—"You may go now, Norman."—Miss Cullum.
 "The Conquering Power."—Miss Marker.
 "The Life of the Party."—George Bradley.
 "The Old Nest."—Portable 53.
 "The Three Musketeers."—Lytle, Cyril and Boyd.
 "The Sky Pilot."—Billy Lucas.
 "The Scoffer."—Bill Blake.
 "Down on the Farm."—Ralph Coleman.
 "Life's Darn Funny."—Florence Damraur.
 "Freckles."—Wilbert Wacker.
 "Sleeping Beauty."—Frances Blake.
 "Smilin' Through."—Miriam O'Neil.
 "Hail the Woman."—Miss Cullum.
 "Fascination."—Martha Webster.
 "Penrod."—Bob Clingan.
 "Daddy Long Legs."—John Moore.
 "Angel Child."—Erma Mitchell.
 "Orphans of the Storm."—Anna Lang and Alice Dresser.
 "Beyond the Rocks."—Graduation.
 "Uncharted Seas."—Scott High.
 "Sky High."—Passing Grades.
 "The Easy Road."—Vacation.

* * * *

Bright Spots

Kenneth Turner—A gentleman of learning and a most rare speaker.
 Albert Weckle—The strength of twenty men.
 Willard Smith—Quality before quantity.
 Powerful Katrinka—Jeannette Fink.
 Baby Vamp—Esther Hull.
 If looks were killing you would be dead.—Sarah Pappas.
 The Professional Giggles—Gertrude Seligman, and Irene Binzer.
 Our Big Bashful Boy—John Hone.
 Scouts of Today—Kathryn Schwab and Carroll Messing.
 Nobody loves a fat man.—Carl Wolf.
 Ben Williams—The Breakable.
 A windy guy on a saxophone.—Lawrence Maine.
 Don't talk.—Luella Fritsche.
 If Miss Cullum's class turned writers, we might read:
 Smiles and Fun—by Dorothy Cockerill.
 "Simpleness"—By Fred Lee.
 "Poems of Today"—by Theresa Reicherd.
 "Be Good! Girls"—by Minnie Foraster.
 "How to Write"—by Eva Greenspon.
 "Landscapes"—by Frances Rife.



Flashes From Room Twenty

Bubbling over with fun and stories.—Barbara Brewster.
Strong and efficient, except on hot days.—Virginia Camp.
A good friend and a faithful comrade.—Ethel Colegrove.
Her fingers shame the ivory keys.—Margaret Danner.
Sweet and quiet and very artistic.—Louise Dean.
So smart and stylish, so quiet and demure.—Beatrice Didham.
To write, is her delight.—Thelma Du Vall.
Chattering, chattering, as she goes.—Esther Farber.
She was a good writer, and an unusual worker.—Adelyn Gordon.
Elizabeth, in school is very pious, but outside it's hard to keep her quiet.
—Elizabeth Graham.
Her looks are demure and very sweet, but, as you know, looks run only skin deep.—Phyllis Hallem.
She is small, but has a big heart.—Mary Louise Hansen.
Daring and gay, is sweet Katherine.—Kate Moules.
Work, for the time flies.—Selma Paris.
Studious and sweet.—Marguerite Parquet.
Did she have the only watch in Room 20?—Fanny Reinstein.
“A. A.” certainly stands for Dot in school.—Dorothy Reiss.
A girl who smiles but is bashful.—Lucile Vogel.
Happy, fat and stubby, is our wee “Tubbey.”—Eleanor Wynkoop.
Oh, to her we went with our troubles, not a few, and she always proved our best friend.—Miss Ollienna Benster.
A ruler of a large kingdom with democratic ways.—Miss Nettie E. Marker.
For future references for “printing and engraving.”—Lee Culler.
Likes to play golf, swim, play tennis and work (?).—Russell Davis.
Say it with music.—Sidney Green.
If it's hot or if it's cold; Eddie Husted will always scold. From morn 'till night, the whole day long, his limber tongue is going strong.—Edward Husted.
The boy with a million dollar smile.—Edward Mauk.
Lives today, and thinks tomorrow.—Bertram McBain.
A book in the hand is worth two on Miss Benster's desk.—Esmond McCleish.
An angel (?) came down our way.—Howard Miller.
To play is great sport.—Garth Morris.
Quick of speech and slow of temper.—Shelby Morrison.
'Tis fine to be musical and comical; also tall and stately.—Martin Raley.
Lean and lanky, but never cranky.—Carolus Sheffield.
An actor of ability.—Richard Stophlet.
A man of wisdom and of silence.—Stanford Truehaft.
He is a jolly good fellow.—Harold Waltz.



Recollections of Room Nineteen

Friend Bill Chalmers and Mary Chase,
On each other had such a case;
When she went away,
Why, Bill wouldn't stay,
But ran off on a "Merry Chase."

Ruth Erler thinks she looks like Mary Pickford. Does anyone else?

Her head is as curly as it can be,
And Melba can sing from G to G.—Melba Reiter.

Miss Alberta Benze surely is wild,
Considering she's a minister's child.

Elizabeth Delaplane—a great scholar but a greater artist.

Jane Moor is a girl we are all proud of to have as a friend.

Fred Dohn and Al Cohn,
Queer pair do they make;
One tall and one small,
Yet honors both take.

Robert Colegrove is one of our classmates whom we shall read about in the Hall of Fame.

Nobody can play the piano the way Naomi Zimmerman does.

Stella Stein, a talkative girl;
Recites with much breeze and a whirl.

We hope Alice Mandler will accomplish her ambition—to be an authoress.

We wonder how many heathens our missionary friend, Fletcher Sharer, will convert in India.

We will never forget our studious and brilliant classmate, Elizabeth Gessner.

She giggled here; she giggled there,
In fact, she giggled most everywhere.—Florence Grant.

When you see a short, dark boy walking down the street with a tall light boy they are not Mutt and Jeff, but just the two inseparables—Allen Owen and John Tucker.

She's just as bright as bright can be;
She's full of pep and energy.—Jean Forster.

FULTON

Eva Markin must believe in the proverb, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

Indeed Harold Woodruff would always dare,
To argue with anyone anywhere.

Besides being a splendid girl, Virginia Frey is some ice-skater.

Great oaks from little acorns grow—proving that the quiet Verna Henderson of today may become some great speaker or orator.

Chuck Faber is a bushel of fun,
And as a friend, he makes a fine one.

Bessie Horwitz—our amateur reader.

John Eberth is a funny boy,
He's full of pep and cheer and joy.

Lenore is bright as bright can be,
But modest to a high degree.—Lenore Fain.

If you wish any information concerning melodrama apply to Marion Kahnweiler.

Her hair is light, her eyes are blue,
She's very tall and slender, too.—Eleanor Ruidisch.

Oh, poor, timid Eleanor Basch,
Lives in awe of a dreaded crash;
When the pelting rain
Shakes the window pain,
Toward the cloak-room you see her dash.

It is little wonder that John A. C. Kemper is nicknamed "Jack."

Dorothy works as hard as can be;
Why she does it I really can't see.—Dorothy Leive.

Miss Marker has surely proved to be a splendid mast for the good ship "Fulton."

Miss Dean, our teacher, is so kind,
And she knows how to make us mind.
She teaches us our lessons, too,
And that's more than some teachers do.

FULTON

ROOM FOUR

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Walter Linsell—"I never have enough arithmetic."
Joseph Friend—"I never bluff."
Lillian Knorr—"I talk all the time."
Murray Friedman—"I just hate girls."
Lawrence Hill—"I'm never lazy."
Rebecca Lane—"I hate candy."
Norman Levey—"I don't pay much attention to my hair."
Nancy Morrison—"I haven't a beau."
Lillian Laycock—"I never wiggle."
William Mellwain—"I'm the cool tempered youth from Dixie."
Virginia McCreery—"How I love to study."

* * * *

Degrees

Jane Trost, V. D.—(Very dressy).
Maxine and Helene Cosgray, L. L. D.—(Lean, lanky doubles).
Mildred Schwyn, A. B.—(Always beautifying).
Miriam Peters, M. A.—(Movie actress).
Mason Holt, N. W.—(Neat writer).
Franklin Quale, G. H.—(Girl hater).
Franklin Clark, B. S.—(Bosses sister).

* * * *

Pet Ambitions

Mary Hartman—To be a chorus girl.
Elizabeth Dougherty—To get fat.
Madelyn Levi and Mabel Kirkbride—To get thin.
Margaret Stark—To dance on Broadway.
Betty Idoine—To act up.
Martha Tom—To teach arithmetic.
Miss Oechsler—To get ready for the Freshman Party.
Evelyn Rodd and Louise Koss—To make a lot of noise.

FEATURES INTRODUCED BY FULTON SCHOOL

Fresh air rooms for normal children.
Opportunity Classes for pupils that are able to progress more rapidly than the ordinary pupil.
City government plan applied to the school.
The Fultonian, one of the best school papers in Toledo.
Pledges signed by boys promising not to throw snowballs.
The Freshman Party, at which social event the eighth graders entertain the Scott Freshmen who formerly went to Fulton and who passed in all the Freshman B subjects.



OUR MOTTO



**"Whatever Is Worth Doing At All
Is Worth Doing Well."**



What is the most valuable thing you will ever have?
Time.

How will you save it?

Do everything well the first time and save doing it over.

What have you learned in the time spent at Fulton?

We haven't time to tell it all, but it is summed up in our motto which we shall carry with us through life.

MARGARET STARK.

Edmond Mellie

FULTON

Ed. King

Autographs

Edna Rogers

Donna Chase
Billie Holmes

Mary of us

Melba Bates

Silma Paris

Beatrice Sidham

Florence Grant

Albie Presser

Memoranda 1844

Copy from E.T.B.



FULTON

Autographs

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(Prob. J.) Moore

Marion J. Chapman
John J. Moore

Frederick J. Moore

B. Moore

Leander J. Moore

Miss Moore

Miss Moore



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2



Autographs

HENRY M. SCHMIT
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